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**Maddam Celliers**  
**A N S W E R**  
**T O T H E**  
**P O P E S**  
**L E T T E R.**

Dated from the *Vatican* the 1st of *August*, 1680.

Wherein she Declares her fidelity, and firmness to the

**Catholick-Cause,**

And expresses her Joy for his **HOLINESSES** Compassionate Bounty and Care of his Afflicted Daughter, with the Relation how, she was Delivered by the help of his Sons the *Jesuits* in *Newgate*, of her late Prodigious Narrative, and also of her mighty Sufferings, and strange Adventures that has befallen her since her late Confinement.

With her humble Request to her Holy Father to send her a thousand pounds out of the Catholick Contributions, in order to the paying of her Fine, that she may give him a speedy Visit, & instruct him farther in his grand Affairs.

**H O L Y F A T H E R,**

**I**T is not to be expressed, what Joy I conceived at the perusal of your Letter; which in spite of all the raging Hereticks Devices to Intrap, came safe unto the hands of your obedient Daughter, who kissed it at least a thousand times ere she could read it out; imbracing it as the dear Pledg of Peace from you, unto her restless Thoughts; whose Vertue most miracalously circumfused those Fears and Terrors that o'recast her Cloudy Soul and made her wander in a mist of Horrors and distracting Doubts; for me thoughts I had no sooner fixed my Eyes upon it, but my Plotting genius unclips'd, and double Vigor spread through every part, The Cause came fresh into my mind, and I resolved not to give over, nor forsake those holy purposes my Brains were

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were once so pregnant with, nor suffer them to fail for want of being put in Practice though I remained within the unhallowed Walls of a Terrestrial Tophet, not unlike your Purgatory, on the little Entry on the backside of your Scraglio, that leads to *Pluto's* Postern-Dore; through which as I have heard by some departed Jesuites, you send those Bagages of Nuns, as are so impudent as to deny their Universal Dad such Crums of Comfort to refresh his Cockatrice, as fordid Monks without a prick to Conscience daily Chew upon.

But to wave that point, and yet come nearer to my own particular Case, you write dear Father; that you lately heard from the Provincial of my mighty sufferings, but I am afraid you have not yet received the full Relation of them, as to the Meal-tub persecution, I doubt not but that you are fully informed in every circumstance, and perhaps more than was done, for I indeed did make the most on't, to gain the greater pity, and to set a fairer gloss upon the rugged Cause, but as for these late ones, O I dread to tell you all the deal of misery, lest it should turn you and your Conclave into Lachrime, and make you weep your Eyes out, at which I know the Hereticks would laugh and snicker till they bepiss themselves, therefore as yet to tell the depth of my Afflictions you must excuse me, or I my self will heartily entreat your pardon, and in requital for the same if ever I come to *Rome* will present your Holiness with such a Mels of strengthening Jelly, as shall make Prickaro mount his head aloft, and then to lay it, will procure you one of the Bucksomest Lasses that your City can afford; you need not doubt my Skill in choosing, for all my sufferings and Afflictions have not made me to forget my antient Trade of hagling for humane Flesh, or if it better like your Holiness to sail in a well seasoned Frigot (*bona fide*) you shall have my weather-beaten-Shiff, that be sure will hold against both Wind and Tide.

But to my second Persecution, Oh I tremble for to name the minor part of it, lest foreign Catholicks should run stark mad to hear such horrors told, the which some millions here have done to see; oh my Narrative, that Balsome for the wounded Cause and Thunderbolt to guard it when once healed. That it was, that pulled on me this second Skeam of woe, one of which I doubt not but you have received as my Present to you and your Conclave, from my Ladies Footboy, whom we sent on purpose, and gave him monies, with strict Charge to bring a couple of Indulgencies to dispence with Lying and Whoring, and such like trivial things, but I see your Catholick Care and Bounty has been great, to send me a hundred on freecost before the Lad could Arrive; but I will deserve them ere I come to see you if my genius fail me not; for I have yet some twenty Plots in store that never yet were set on broach, all pickled up and kept as a Reserve; but I dwell too long upon Circumstaues, and neglect materials. Well then, no sooner had I escaped so fairly from the bottom of the Meal-tub, and putting new Hoops thereon, to make it hold, sent it to your Holiness as the first Signal of the Causes good success, but I found my Soul more Active, and my Zeal blazed faster which prompted me on to lay a yet more deep Foundation to our tottering superstructure; whereupon I pondered a while, but long had not, ere some unknown Cacodemon buzz'd into my Ears the laying down such fundamental precepts as might make the World believe the Plot was but a Chimera of Fantastick Brains (no doubt but you sent him to promote so good a work, in which I was the notorious instrument) upon which I found my Brains too weak to mannage such profound Affairs, yet resolved not to let the happy motion slip, I went to your beloved Sons in *Limbus patrum* where the Hereticks had put them up a fattening, and found means to tell them what a birth I laboured with, of which if they would help but to deliver me, it would not only be meritorious, but likewise advantagious to every man and Mothers Child that adore your Holiness, and hold you supream Controuler of *Pandamonium*; Well, I had no sooner proposed, but I found them readier to comply than I was to desire them. Having as they told me power to dispence with all manner of Villanies that might conduce to their Interest. Here we struck a Bargain, and as the three *Heaven gods* by pissing in old *Baucis* Bull-hide did procure him a Son, so we by laying our mitchievous Heads together in six weeks brought forth this monstrous Bantling for your Holiness, and sent it out full gorged with Poison to spit its Venome against our Adversaries; with a strict Charge, that wheresoever it came it should own you for Father and me for its mother. Some of your Sons of no-mean Rank would have perswaded me to haue put my Moun-

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fers Horns upon its Front, that so it might have pushed Hereticks before it, and indeed such Arms might have done well in times so dangerous, for I dare affirm they are far larger if not quite as strong as those that *Gedalia* made for *Ahab* in the days of yore. This device, or else the Blackamours gimcracks that I loved so well had certainly been put on; had not I upon second thoughts had greater Veneration for your Cross, which was no doubt very ominous, for it has proved Cross to me, and crossed every vain in my poor Heart.

For why we are so eager in the shuffling our Off-Spring together, that he might not be took napping, and so rendered Abortive before he had Infected the Credulous, that we minded not of what stuff we tempered him, so that when he came narrowly to be sifted by the Judicious, he was found to be the damdest Medley that ever yet took; being some affirmed him to be quickened like *Prometheus* his Man of Clay, by the Mistick help of stolen Fire, the which to my sad grief by the opening of *Pandora's* Box, I shortly after found too true) others affirmed him Hocus-Pocus Bastard got upon the Strumpet Legerdemain, and all in general concluded it, to have it's Original from the Father of Malitious Lies, yet notwithstanding I brazened it out, and owned it as my Darling, though to tell the truth I had least share in it; well this would not serve my turn, for it was taken so to task, and shaken by the Heels, till high Misdemeanours, if not Treason in its black hue dropped out of its Pocket, or Chimically extracted from the other stuff, it was compounded of, then was your Daughter in the midst of all her Jollitry, once more surprized and hurried to Answer for the dangerous Ill's our Adversaries had drained from our Issue. But here the Counselling Dæmon that was wont to attend my Solitudes hearing the Hereticks shout, left me in the lurch and sneaked to Hell, which so disheartened me that I had not Impudence enough to deny what I before had owned, so that the Wooden Engine with which you will see in my Narrative, I have so often upbraided my Late Placket Friend; to describe it, indeed it is almost like your Pontifick Chair, but that it wants a Canopy web to prevent this and the eminent Storm that the Heretick Rabble threatned to shower on my Crown, once more I Summoned my Infernal Fugative in your powerful name who like a lowl ear'd Cur at last peeped with his Horns above board, after I had railed at him sufficiently I sent him to the Jesuits to consult with them what was best to be done, where by unanimous consent, it was agreed that when my Tormenters came to insult and bid me prepare for my Persecution I should take a Dose of strong Purgation, this I punctually observed, and timed it to the time they ordered me to be prepared for the dreadful business, but alas the Hereticks deceived me, and gave a false Alarm, yet to prevent the worst I stood upon my Guard, feigned to be monstrous sick and discharged my whole Artillery at both ends, with such fury. that what for fume and noise, none durst approach me; this elusion made me half distracted and concluded the Devil was no Conjuror, for if he had, no doubt the Dog would have saved me this Project till there had been certain occasion for it; well, vexed as I was, I set my invention on the Wrack again, and being near Neighbour to your suffering Sons, I did in no wise want their Councils; so that again our Brains brought forth a project new, and strange, knowing that the time of my general Ostentation was not now far off, whereupon I sent my maid for a Bulls Cud, which filled with Blood I thrust into my Semy-Circle, upon the morning that I was by Order doomed to mount. Well, this fitted my purpose passing well, for when they came to bid me rise, I counterfeited Child-bed-throwes, and bellowed louder than the fattest Bull your Conclave ever afforded, and fetched such groans, as might well have been heard to *Rome*, yet my Tormentors were so barbarous as rudely to force entrance though I had barrocaded up the Dore, then I yelled so, that those who heard from far, supposed the noise proceeded from a speaking Trumpet, which Out-cry drove them back to him that sent them; then was a grave Matron sent for, who attended with a Female-guard, to view the Premises, and make a narrow search into the mighty business that had made the grand disturbance, the which after much Pumping of her Conscience I did permit, which seemed to me so soft, that Gold would make Impression there, and to boot, I also promised to get her one of your Indulgencies to pardon all the Lies she told, or Oaths that she should swear tho never so false, but I was mistaken, & once more my Devil failed me in my greatest necessity, for she proved Heretical, and would not touch what I well thought all the World adored, but return'd my monstrous teaming ignoramus, and to the immortal scandal of the holy Cause layed all the intreague open, to the babling World,



World, well, I would not be so served, but call'd her false perfidious and a thousand Names roaring out louder than at first, and curst with many Execrations loud and bloody, whereupon a second was produced, who was my Sister Trade, her by her Looks I dared to trust, and after found her to be neither Heretick nor Papist, nor indeed of any Religion whatsoever, but having left her Conscience fast asleep at home, for half a Crown a smaller Fee than ever I was bribed for, she did affirm the Scene was Tragical, and that the mighty Monster that had caused all this bustle, was about to peep in to the World, offering to swear what ever I would have her; but in vain, for my persecuters would not believe one word, so that when I saw my Projects would not take I started up and bid defiance to them all, and presently betook me to my Armour, clapping on my Coat of Mail; and for a Caske thrust my head into a Leathern-Bottle, then strenuously (as *Romes* Championess) Like *Jesabel* I marched along to the War Charriot that they had prepared to transport me to the Theater whereon I was to Act my part, in view of all the gaping Heriticks, but ere I went, I did bethink my self that I should want a Buckler for to defend me from the lowering Tempest that I was to encounter with; and therefore gave order to my Maid to run before, and fetch my Peel, which I having got, mounted up aloft, and thought my self as pompous and as well attended as Pope *Jone* in her Procession to St. *Angello*.

Well then, I peeping through my Head-piece, could not chuse but laugh to see the grinning Rout surround me, whilst I braved them with my wooden Buckler and Fence of trusty Bull-hide, then presently the Storm began, and the persecuting Hereticks with Rage tossed Millstones at me thick and fast, the least of which could not be less than a thousand weight, and Iron Globes about one hundred weight like Hail, which rebounded from my mighty Helmet, at least some fifty Yards into the Air; nay more than that, so furious were they bent on my Destruction, that some of them had planted Cannons whose Balls as fast as they were sent, like Sugar-plums I caught between my Teeth; but this no doubt was done by Miracle; after which I verily supposed they would have made *Dianah* on me, they having set me up in State, immediately a Fire was kindled, into whose Flames I doubted not but Incense would have been thrown in honour of my *Idol*, and that the Hereticks would have relented of the injuries late done, but when they saw I was made to receive my Ills that had caused all the Bustle; there did my *Idol* Eabe expire, and was Perfumed with his Ruine.

These Persecutions, that the Heathen Emperors were strangers to did you and I did not suffer, or I would have you at least believe so, and perswade all to the same belief as I have done to all the easie Catholics in *England*. Well, notwithstanding all they can inflict, your large promises will make amends; I will hold out to the last You say your Coffers are open, pray send me one thousand pounds in order to the procuring my discharge, that I may come to *Rome* and visit you to instruct you in Affairs, you are yet ignorant of, to be your privy Counsellor, Nurse are Mistresses, any of which would please me wondrous well; or if those places be supplied, to be your intimated, Midwife-General to your Seraglio till *England* come into your hands. If you have not the mony, make a Brief, and to encourage the Doners, tell them this lamentable Story, that I tyed by the Great-toe with a Packthread, and hung out for a Sign on the top of all the Monument, and must not be taken down till the like Sum be paid. This from your Obedient Daughter, and faithful Servant to promote the Cause,

N E W G A T E,  
Oct. the 6. 1680.

E. C.

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